WAR AND FIGHTING MEN

FRONTLINE COMBAT

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

No. 14
OCT.

10¢

IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND 'MAD' ON YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND...

Ⓐ Look harder! It may be at the **bottom** of the pile...

or... Ⓑ Ask your dealer to send threatening letters to his wholesaler, demanding ***MAD***...

or... Ⓒ Send the attached subscription coupon which gets you 60¢ worth of comic books for 75¢...

or... Ⓓ Give up the whole business and spend your dime on something worth while!

MAIL THIS COUPON TO:
ENTERTAINING COMICS GROUP
225 LAFAYETTE STREET, ROOM 706
NEW YORK 12, NEW YORK

Please send me the next six issues of ***MAD*** (mailed in strong manila envelopes) for which I enclose 75¢.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

FRONTLINE COMBAT, October, 1953—Vol. 1, No. 14. Published Quarterly by Tiny Tot Comics, Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. William M. Gaines, Managing Editor; Harvey Kurtzman, Editor. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. One year subscription in the U. S. 60c plus 15c for packing and mailing—total 75c. Elsewhere $1.00. Entire contents copyrighted 1953 by Tiny Tot Comics, Inc. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped return envelope. No similarity between any of the characters, names or persons appearing in this magazine with any of those living or dead is intended, and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Printed in U.S.A.

AIRPLANE STORY!... BUT WAIT! WE'RE NOT GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT SHRIEKING JETS... HAMMERING MACHINE GUNS... EXPLODING BOMBS!... NO! LEAVE THAT FOR ANOTHER TIME! WHAT WE ARE GOING TO DO IS TAKE A LONG LOW BOW IN THE DIRECTION OF THE HEROIC AIR RESCUE SERVICE AND THEIR *GRUMMAN SA-16*...

ALBATROSS!

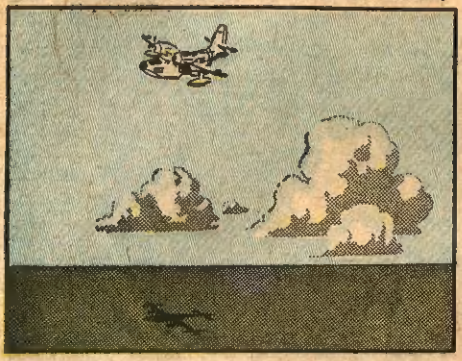
WELL, DANKLEFS! THIS'LL BE YOUR FIRST TRIP WITH US!

ARS-HQ

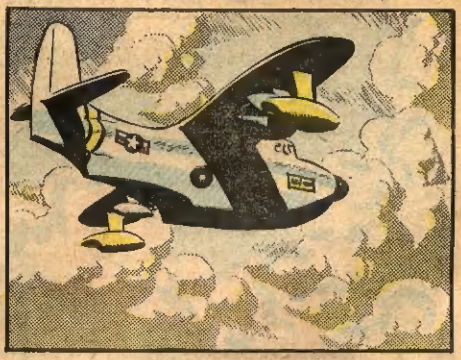
NOW...I'VE FLOWN *BEFORE*, SERGEANT!

wood.

ONE HOUR LATER, THE AIRBORNE ALBATROSS CIRCLES HIGH ABOVE THE SEA OF JAPAN... CIRCLES NORTH OF THE 38TH PARALLEL... CIRCLES OFF THE COAST OF ***KOREA!***



AND THE REASON THE 'DUMBO' ORBITS, HERE, ALONE AND FAR AWAY FROM ITS BASE IN JAPAN, SOON BECOMES CLEAR!... FOR THE ALBATROSS IS A SENTINAL!



A WAY UP, SETS OF VAPOR TRAILS REVEAL F-86 JETS FLYING FIGHTER COVER AND HEADED FOR NORTH KOREA!

SOON... MUCH LOWER, FLIGHTS OF SILVERY BOMB-LADEN B-29'S ROAR PAST... HEADED FOR NORTH KOREA!

...FINALLY... HUGGING THE WAVES... MORE FLASHING JET FIGHTERS ON THE 'DECK SWEEP'... HEADING FOR NORTH KOREA!

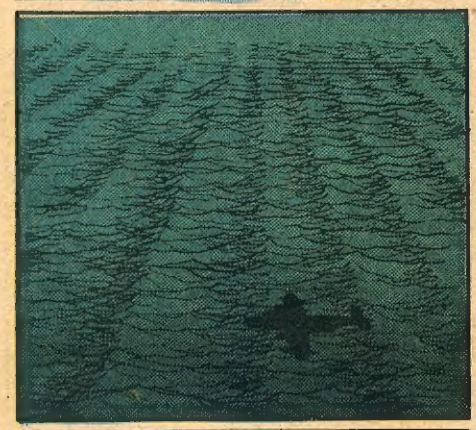
THOUGH THEY HAVE FADED IN THE DISTANCE, LEAVING THE CIRCLING 'DUMBO' ALONE... THE VOICES OF THE BOMBERS AND THE JETS ARE LEFT BEHIND IN THE EARPHONES!

VOICES OF MEN RIDING ABOVE SPITTING ENEMY GUNS! ...STRANGE VOICES, SPEAKING ALMOST CASUALLY!... THEN... ***TROUBLE!...THE INTERNATIONAL CALL OF A MAN WHO'S BEEN HIT...***

...PEACHTREE 1 TO REDSOX 3! WHAT IS YOUR COURSE AND ALTITUDE?
8,000 FOOT ALTITUDE! COURSE, 90°! ...AT INTERSECTION 092°!

...RADIO'S GOING DEAD! WILL HAVE TO DITCH RIGHT AWAY...
HANG ON! WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THE DRINK IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!

ANYTHING OUT THERE, DANKLEFS?
...I'M LOOKING...



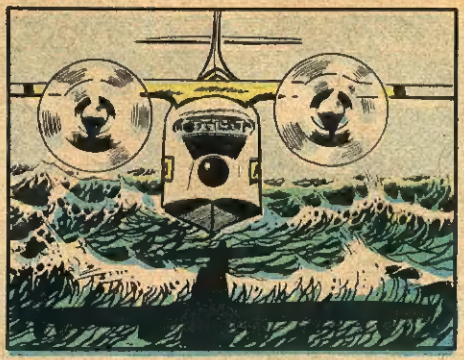
...DOWN THERE! ...AT TWO O'CLOCK! ISN'T THAT A RAFT?

IT IS A RAFT!
QUICK! THROW OUT THE DYE-MARKERS... THE FLARES!
... HAND ME THAT SMOKE BOTTLE!

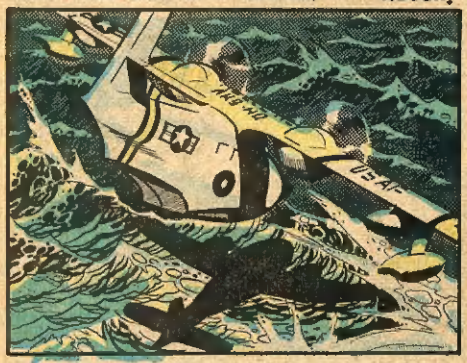
...WE THREW A SMOKE BOTTLE OUT ALREADY!
I DON'T CARE HOW MANY BOTTLES WE THREW OUT! WE'LL THROW OUT THE KITCHEN SINK IF IT'LL HELP SAVE THAT MAN!

A TINY RAFT IS EASY TO LOSE IN A CHOPPY SEA... BUT NOW THE POSITION IS WELL MARKED! AND NOW, THE ALBATROSS PREPARES TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!

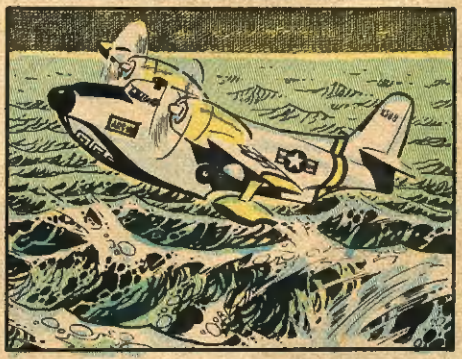
DROPPING TO WITHIN TWENTY FEET OF THE WAVES, THE SA-16 MAKES TWO LONG, SLOW 'DRAGS' OVER THE WATER TO MAKE SOME QUICK NOTES ON THE CONDITION OF THE OCEAN!



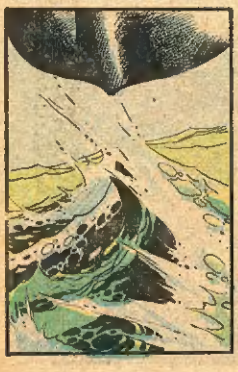
8 FOOT WAVES, FOAMING AT THE CRESTS, MOVING ACROSS IN GREAT PARALLEL ROWS... A 50 FOOT TROUGH BETWEEN CRESTS! THE WIND BLOWS 60° TO THE ROWS! . . . ***ROUGH!***



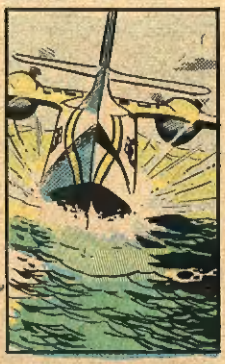
WATER CAN BE AS UNYIELDING AS CONCRETE IF YOU DON'T HIT IT RIGHT!...'POWER APPROACH'!... NOSE UP...ALONG THE TROUGH...SKIMMING THREE FEET ABOVE THE WATER...



RUNNING PARALLEL TO THE WAVES, THE FLYING BOAT LETS A WAVE PASS BENEATH...

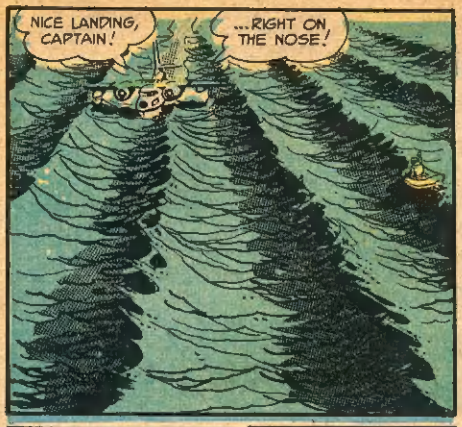


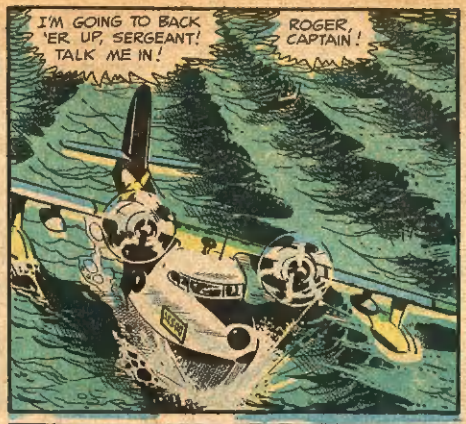
POWER OFF! REVERSE PROP. PLOWSH! DROP ON THE BACK OF THE WAVE...



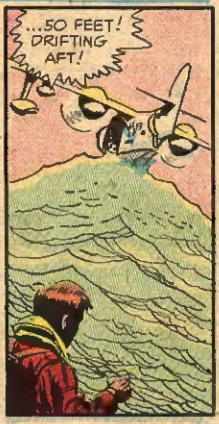
...SLIDE...SMOOTH DOWN ALONG THE TROUGH AND UP THE SIDE OF THE NEXT WAVE!

REVERSE PROPS SLOW YOU! WHEN THE WAVE CREST HITS, YOU RIDE RIGHT WITH IT!


NICE LANDING, CAPTAIN!
...RIGHT ON THE NOSE!


I'M GOING TO BACK 'ER UP, SERGEANT! TALK ME IN!
ROGER, CAPTAIN!

HE'S 100 FEET OUT... DRIFTING AFT SLOWLY!


...50 FEET! DRIFTING AFT!

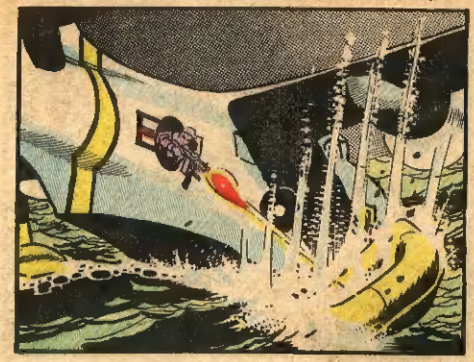
...20 FEET! YOU'RE DOING FINE... FINE...

TEN FEET! LOOKS LIKE IT'LL HIT THE DOOR FINE!

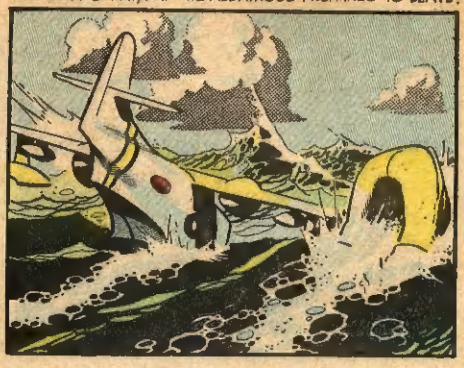
UP YOU GO!
...AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU GUYS!
WHAT SERVICE! ...I WAS ONLY IN THE WATER 8 MINUTES!

ONTO THE STRETCHER, SIR!
...BUT I'M ALL RIGHT!
LAY DOWN! YOU MIGHT BE DEAD!
BREAK OUT THE 'JATO' BOTTLES!

THE ROUGHEST PART OF THE TRIP IS YET TO COME! A MACHINE GUN BURST SINKS THE RAFT WHICH MIGHT ATTRACT OTHER RESCUE PLANES IF LEFT AFLOAT!

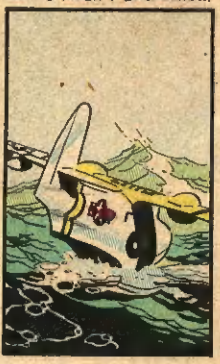


DOORS WITH 'JATO' (JET ASSIST TAKE OFF) BOTTLES PLUGGED ONTO THE OUTSIDE... ARE SHUT, CUTTING OFF THE WET SALT SPRAY, AND THE ALBATROSS PREPARES TO LEAVE!

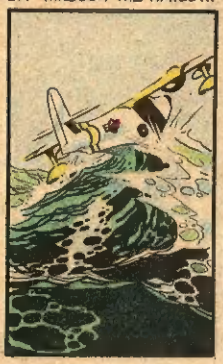


NOW, THE FLYING BOAT TAXIS, PITCHING OVER THE WAVES LIKE A STEAMER...

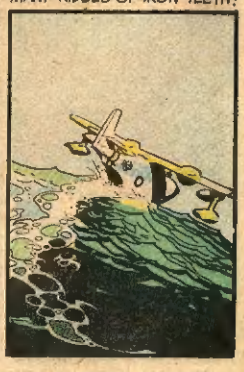
...LOOKING FOR A SMOOTH PATCH OF OCEAN WHERE WAVES AREN'T BREAKING...



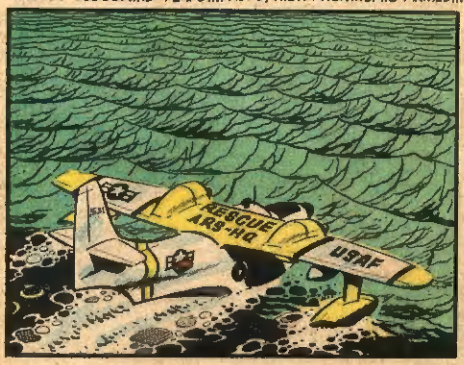
...FOR A PLANE THAT IS SPEEDING ALONG FOR A TAKE-OFF THROUGH THE WAVES...



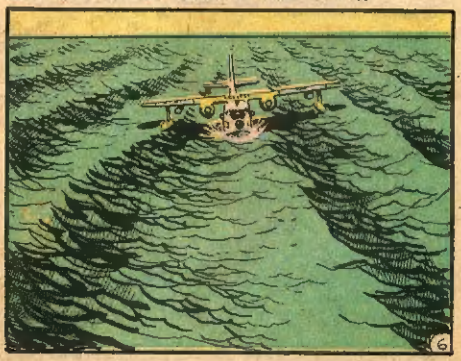
...CAN BE SMASHED APART BY THE RIDGES OF WATER...SO MANY RIDGES OF IRON TEETH!



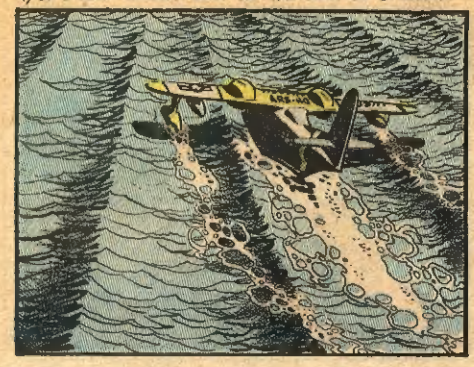
FINALLY... A STRETCH OF SEA... LONG EVEN SWELLS... WAVES AREN'T CRESTING...**GOOD!** COCKPIT CHECK!... HATCHES CLOSED...15° FLAPS...PROPS, HIGH PITCH...JATO ARMED...



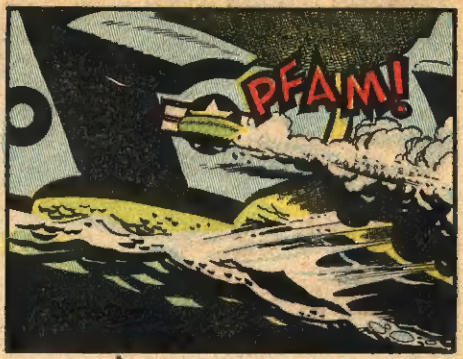
THE BULKY DUMBO FACES DOWN THE TROUGH AND INTO THE WIND!... A PAUSE... WINDSHIELD WIPERS FLICKING NERVOUSLY! YOU'RE READY TO TAKE OFF...



COUNT... FIRST, SECOND, ***THIRD*** WAVE FROM THE LEFT... THAT'S THE ONE YOU'LL TAKE OFF ON! YOU SLIDE DOWN 1, UP 2 AND DOWN! NOW UP THE SIDE OF 3 ***AND...***



...QUICK... SWING INTO THE WIND!... THROTTLE OPEN WITH A ROAR!... ACCELERATE DOWN THE SIDE OF THE WAVE LIKE A MOTOR BOAT! PUNCH 'JATO' BUTTON...



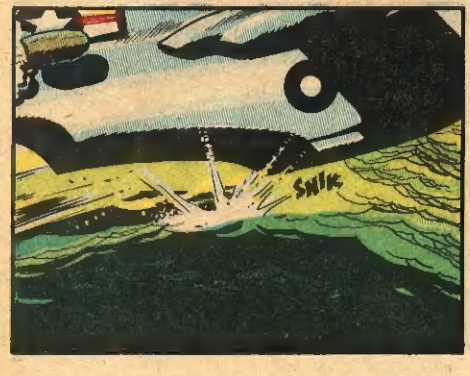
A HUGE HAND SHOVES YOU FORWARD! YOU'RE PLANNING ON THE 'STEP'! SPEED! SPEED!

YOU'RE NOT RIDING OVER THE WAVES NOW! YOU'RE SMACKING THROUGH 'EM!

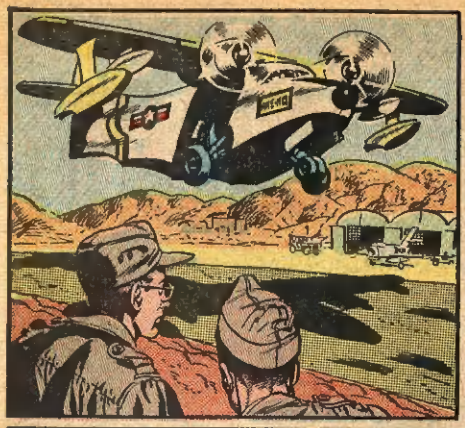
SMASH... THROUGH A WAVE... NOSE UP... UP... UP... SKIM OVER THE TROUGH...

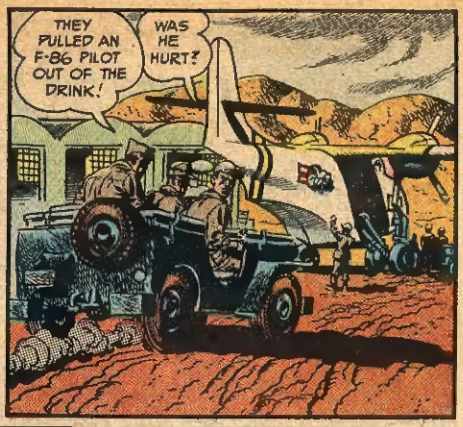
...SMAK THROUGH THE NEXT, BUT YOU'RE NOT DIGGING DEEP AND YOU DON'T FEEL MUCH...

...SNIK... THE NEXT IS HARDLY A TAP... AND IT'S THE LAST! THE AMPHIBIAN, NOW UNFETTERED BY THE HEAVING WATER, RISES IN SWIFT, SMOOTH FLIGHT...



...UP INTO THE SKY, SHOVED AT AN ODD ANGLE BY THE 14 SECOND JATO BOTTLES! AND THAT'S IT! LOOSEN THE SAFETY BELTS FOR THE TRIP BACK TO KYUSHU!

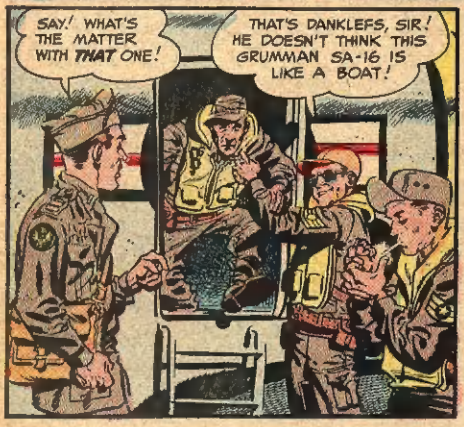



THEY PULLED AN F-86 PILOT OUT OF THE DRINK!
WAS HE HURT?

EVERYTHING'S O.K., DOC! THE PILOT'S O.K.!

I'M FINE! ... HARDLY EVEN GOT WET!
LET'S GO EAT!

LET'S GO, SGT. GAETA!... HEY! WHERE'S DANKLEFS?
C'MON, DANKLEFS!


SAY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT ONE!
THAT'S DANKLEFS, SIR! HE DOESN'T THINK THIS GRUMMAN SA-16 IS LIKE A BOAT!

BUT HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
A LITTLE SEASICKNESS NEVER HURT ANYONE!

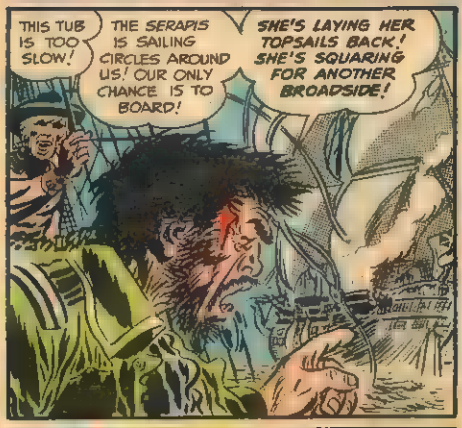
JOHN PAUL JONES!... YOU'VE HEARD THE NAME! YOU'VE HEARD OF HIS FAMOUS BATTLE! BUT DID YOU HEAR THE BLAST OF THE CANNON... THE CRACKING SPLINTERING OF THE TIMBERS? DID YOU SMELL THE GUNPOWDER ...THE BLOOD? DID YOU SEE THE TORN MEN WHO DIED WHEN THE *SERAPIS* MET THE...

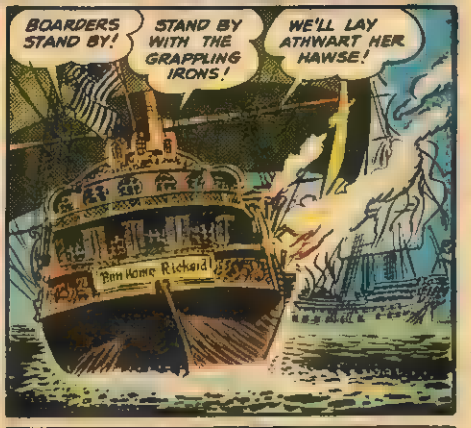
BONHOMME RICHARD!

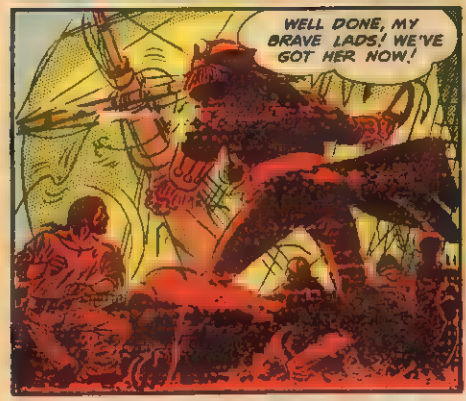
JOE KUBERT

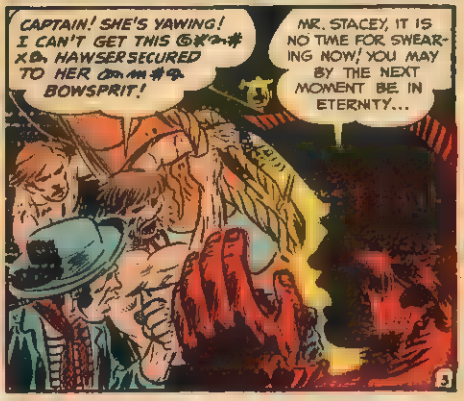
* BONHOMME RICHARD IS FRENCH FOR GOOD MAN RICHARD.

* DATE: SEPTEMBER 23, 1779

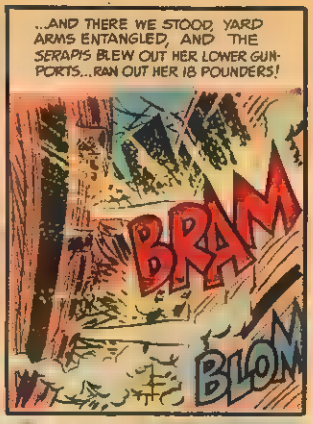


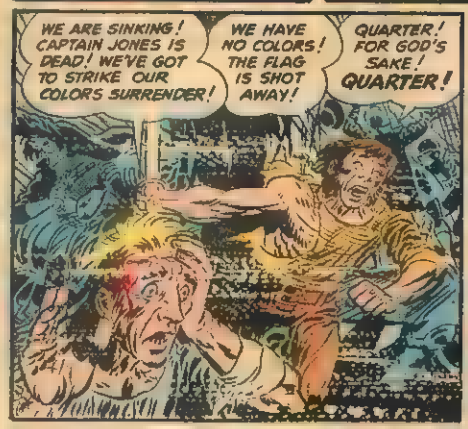


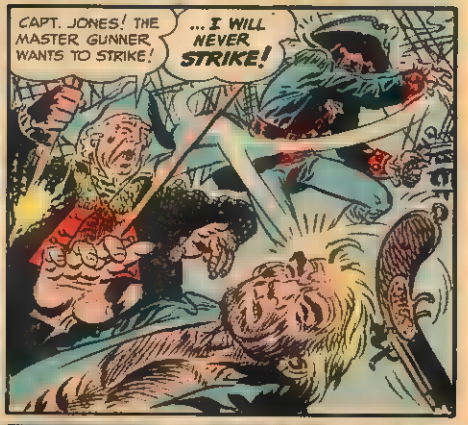




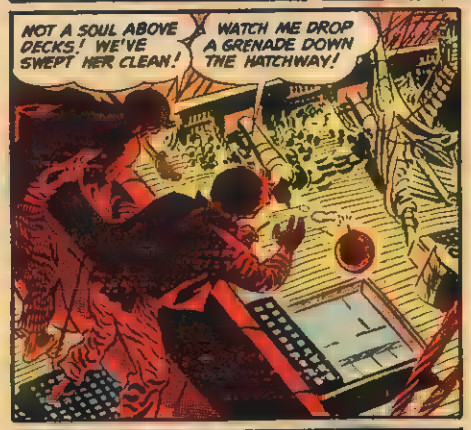
* BROADSIDE: ALL THE GUNS TRAINED TO FIRE FROM ONE SIDE OF A SHIP!

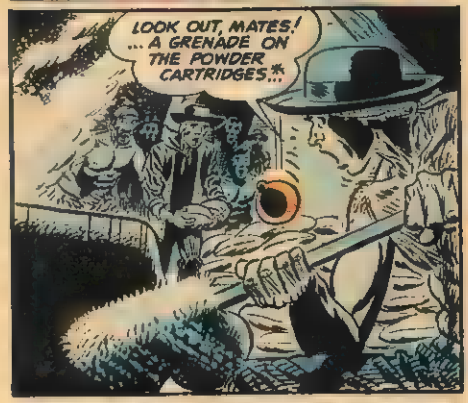


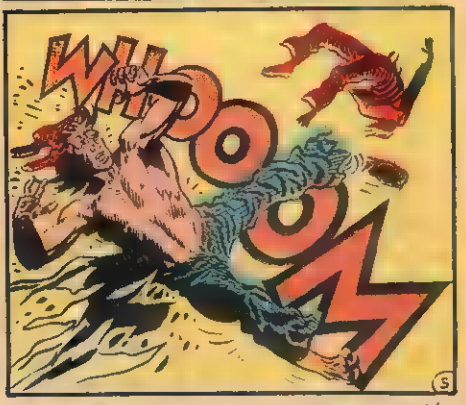




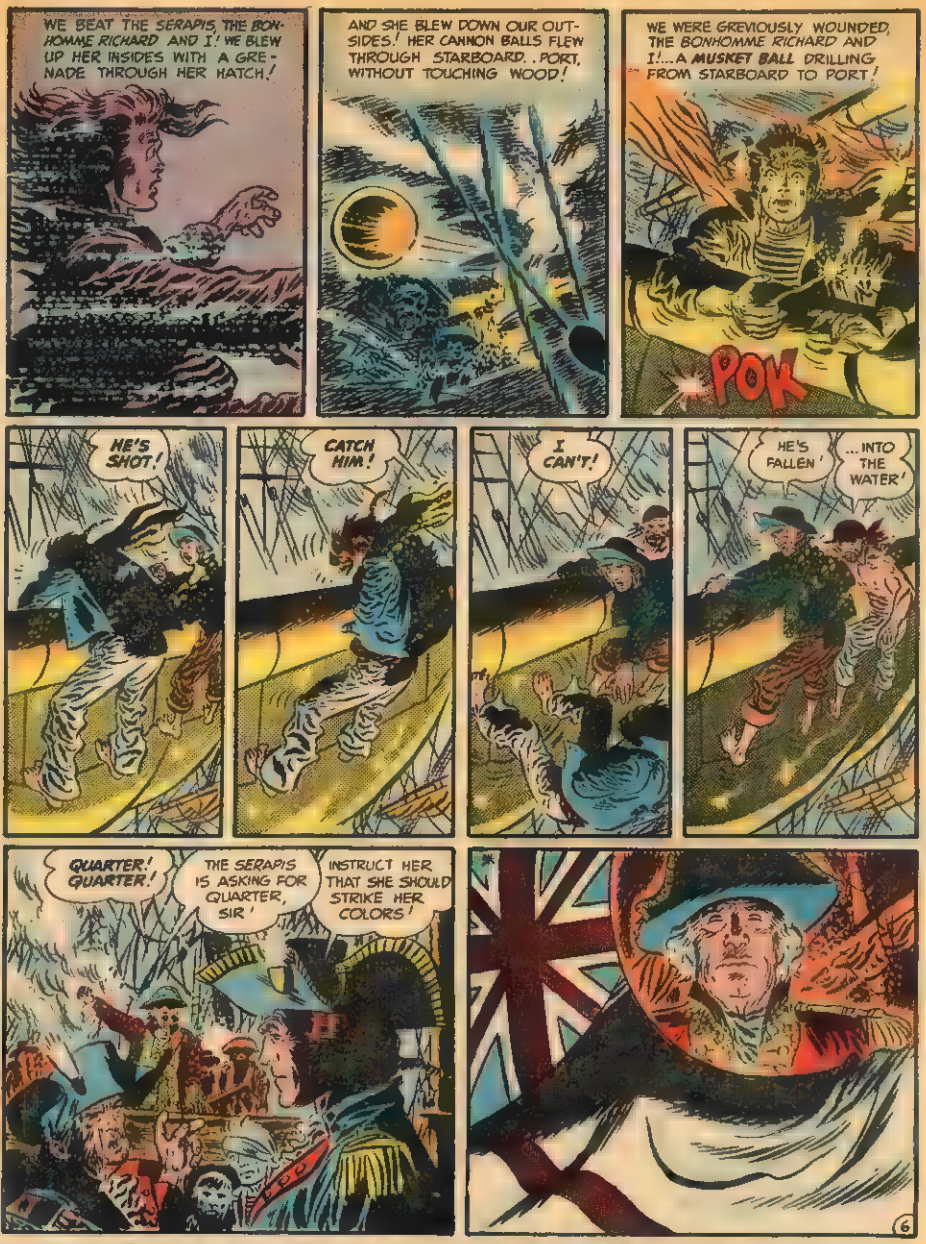
* HISTORY RECORDS THAT JOHN PAUL JONES SAID, "I HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO FIGHT," BUT THIS IS MERELY THE MOST POPULAR ONE OF MANY VERSIONS OF WHAT JONES SAID TO THAT EFFECT!



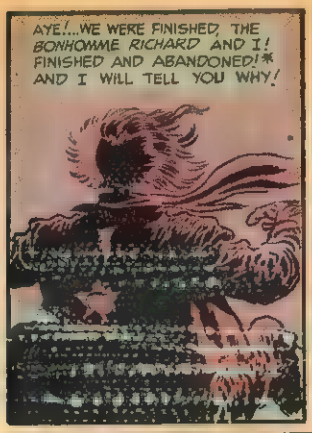


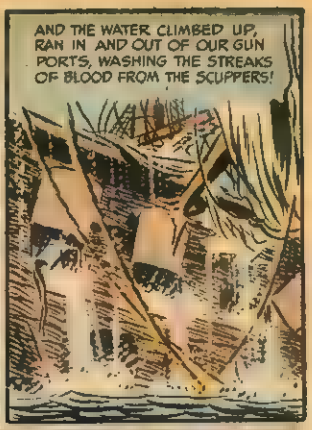


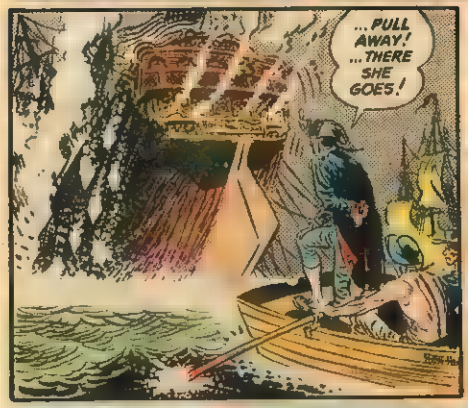
*GUN POWDER CARTRIDGES TO FIRE THE CANNON BALLS ARE STACKED BEHIND THE CANNONS WHEN IN ACTION!

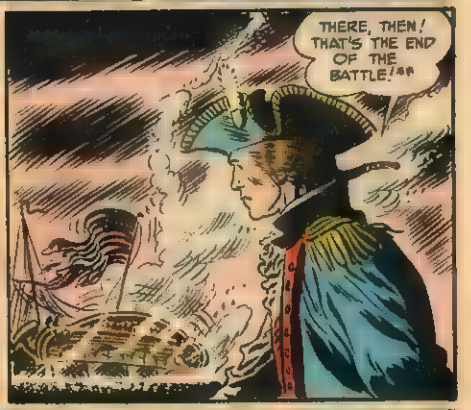


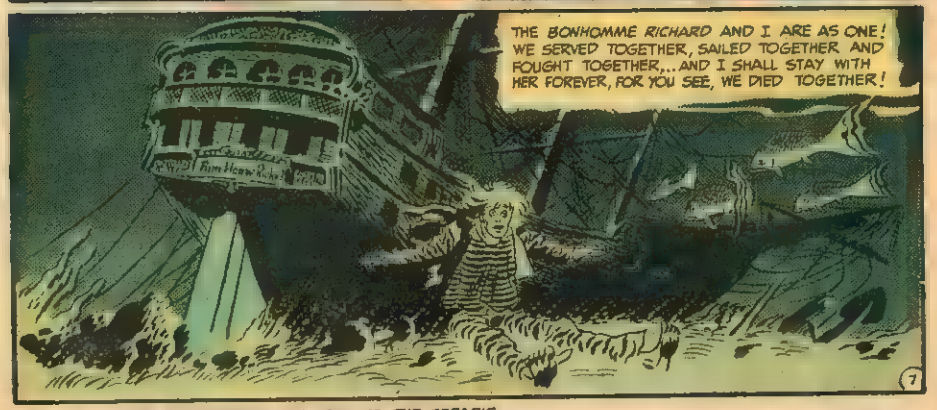
* CAPTAIN PEARSON OF THE SERAPIS PERSONALLY TOOK DOWN THE BRITISH FLAG WHICH HAD BEEN NAILED TO THE MAST!











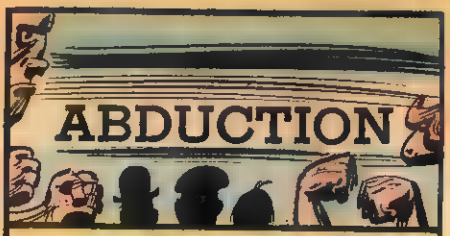
* JOHN PAUL JONES TRANSFERRED HIS CREW TO THE SERAPIS.
** CASUALTIES WERE NEVER OFFICIALLY LISTED, BUT IT IS SAID OVER 90% OF THE MEN ON BOTH SIDES WERE CASUALTIES!

WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...

LOOK FOR THESE SEALS WHEN YOU BUY!

THEY ARE YOUR ASSURANCE OF TOP ENTERTAINMENT...FOUND ONLY ON THE FOLLOWING E.C. MAGAZINES:

TALES FROM THE CRYPT
HAUNT OF FEAR • VAULT OF HORROR
SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES
CRIME SUSPENSTORIES
TWO-FISTED TALES • FRONTLINE COMBAT
MAD
WEIRD SCIENCE • WEIRD FANTASY
AND THE 25¢ ANNUAL ANTHOLOGIES:
WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY
TWO-FISTED ANNUAL • TALES OF TERROR



In my previous 'Chronicles of F Company,' which have appeared in the London Daily Press, I've told you about my friend, Sergeant Tubridy, and his efforts to hold the Anglo-Afghan Empire together for 'the swate widow what wears the crown, Quane Victoria!' I am loath to take credit for the old warsteed's fame penetrating even Buckingham Palace. I simply wrote what I knew and what I observed about him. Tubridy was at no time conscious that thousands of Londoners... Her Majesty included ... revered him as a sort of Sir Walter Raleigh, with the Afghan Border his flagship!

I found the Sergeant (as was his habit of late) in a vacated stable somewhat removed from F Company's barracks. A great disturbance emanated from behind a sausage-like goatskin bag which jerked on a length of rope tied to a cross-beam. Tubridy sat on the straw-strewn floor, blowing great rings from his pipe as flashing knuckles hit the straw-packed bag resoundly.

Young Private Richard Thorne stepped from behind the target and let his arms hang limply as Tubridy proudly swabbed the boy's perspiring bare chest. "Ma bhoy, boxing is the art of hittin' wid'out gettin' hit! You're not rooted to a stone like Nelson in Trafalgar Square! Move yore two feet aroun'..."

Tubridy shot a quick glance at me which said that Thorne was ready to face Wesson, the champion of B Company, for the undisputed Regimental Boxing Title! The big contest was to be held on the parade-grounds the next afternoon. Privates of the line (and officers alike) had wagered enough pounds and beer stipends on the outcome to fill the Fort Ditch.

"Did you iver see sech a gran'-built man," said Tubridy, slapping and massaging Thorne's biceps. "Jest a few months ago, ye cud finger his ribs like a flute! An' he's had the ginger-pop knocked out'ta his ears... by me own bould silf! He'll hammer the life out'ta Wesson, he will!"

This was my first opportunity to speak. "Wesson's trainer, Lieutenant Cooke, says the bout's to be fought by the *new rules*... drawn up by the Marquess of Queensberry... which govern all prize-fighting contests in Great Britain. Measured rounds, regulation ring... and *padded gloves!*"

"Fwhat does the Mar'key of Quanes'burry know

about prize-fightin'? Did he iver shtep inta the turf square wid the Bull of Belgrave on Harley Street in London? I did! Toe on toe fer 79 rounds... *London prize-ring rules!* It whar a fight to the finish, wid *bare fistes*..."

"Whin one o' us fell to a knee...or a hand or ta both knees...whither knocked down by a blow or thrown down...*that wuz a roun'!* The fallen man's seconds thin helped him ta his corner where he got a thurty-second rest. At the end of thurty seconds, whin 'time' was called, he had eight more seconds to come up to the 'scratch', a line marked in the earth in tha middle of the ring. An' that's the way me bhoy here is gonna fight...by the old *London prize-ring rules!*"

"I take it you couldn't come 'up to scratch' for the eightieth round, Patrick!"

"Twas only becuz me seconds gave me tea spiked wid whiskey in the seventieth round...ta warm me agin the chill London air. Twas the *tea* that riled me stomach!"

* * * * *

The next morn, I found Tubridy hanging thoughtfully on the ropes of the newly erected boxing ring. He had finally condescended to let Thorne fight Wesson according to Queensberry Rules. But now a new worry clouded his face! Officer Commanding had ordered him to send a mounted escort to the railhead to meet a visiting dignitary...possibly a member of Parliament...and convey him back to the fort. "He'll probably be a Duke...or an Earl ...on tour o' inspeckshun! Like as not he'll want the whole garrison ta turn out on tha p'rade-groun' ...wid me bhoy achin' fer to take the boxing title! Saints!!"

* * * * *

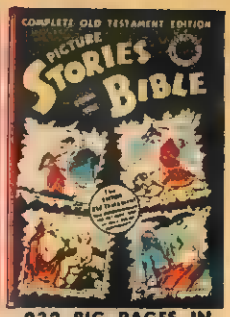
If Tubridy nursed any fears that the arrival of the dignitary would cancel the championship bout, Thorne dispelled them by soundly knocking his opponent out in the second round...with padded gloves and Queensberry Rules! The dignitary arrived well after dusk as all of the victorious F Company toasted Thorne in the canteen. (One of the escort party told me that Tubridy had ordered them to bring the dignitary back to the fort by the most *circuitous route!* They complied by riding in and out of the hills...without rousing the nobleman's suspicion.)

A salute was fired by the screw-guns! The dignitary stated that his main purpose for the visit was to present a golden belt, in recognition of faithful service and for zealous advancement of sportsmanship,' to *Sergeant Patrick Tubridy!*

The beautifully adorned belt was a gift from Her Majesty, the Queen...and the man who presented it was the Marquess of Queensberry!

144 BIG PAGES IN FULL COLOR

Containing the complete story of the Life of Christ and Peter and Paul and the founding of the Early Christian Church. Included are maps showing Palestine at the time of Jesus and chronological indexes of principal events and Scripture references to episodes illustrated.



232 BIG PAGES IN FULL COLOR

Here under one cover, in full color continuity, re-edited and arranged in chronological order, are *all the stories of the Old Testament heroes* from the four issues of the magazine. Printed in four colors throughout and bound with *brightly varnished heavy board covers.*

No. 2 — Amazing Discoveries about Food & Health. 15¢

No. 2 — Europe's Struggle for Civilization. 15¢

(Write for special school prices)

EDUCATIONAL COMICS, INC.
225 LAFAYETTE ST., NEW YORK 12, N. Y.

I enclose $_____ for _____ copies.
COMPLETE OLD TESTAMENT ..... 75c ☐
COMPLETE NEW TESTAMENT ..... 60c ☐

PICTURE STORIES FROM SCIENCE (No. 2) ☐
PICTURE STORIES FROM WORLD HIST. (No. 2) ☐
(15c for each copy)

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Postal Zone____ State_____

Please print plainly. No C.O.D. Do not send postage stamps.

FRONT LINES

Before Editor Kurtzman takes over with his mail-sack, a reluctant announcement! Starting with this issue, FRONTLINE COMBAT (and TWO-FISTED TALES) will be appearing *quarterly*, rather than *bi-monthly!* It is with a feeling of deepest regret that we find ourselves forced to take such action, but the simple truth is that Harvey has not yet fully recovered from the siege of yellow jaundice that hospitalized him for several months, and is unable to write and edit six issues of FRONTLINE, six issues of TWO-FISTED, and six issues of MAD per year without compromising with his high standards of quality. The tremendous amount of research required to turn out an issue of FRONTLINE or TWO-FISTED is both exhausting and inconceivably time-consuming. It therefore became obvious that a cut in Harvey's scheduled output was an immediate necessity. *But what to cut?* After checking sales figures, and the relative amounts of time required for Harvey to write a MAD story, as opposed to a *war* story, it was agreed that the cut should be made in the war mags. This will lighten Harvey's burden to fourteen issues annually. But a word to subscribers to FRONTLINE COMBAT and TWO-FISTED TALES: rest assured that you *will receive* the remainder of your subscription(s)... though the six issues will extend beyond a one year period. (As to our policy on future subscriptions, you may still obtain six issues of either title for 75c.)—William M. Gaines, Managing Editor.

Dear Editors,

In the story "F-86 Sabre Jet," was the narration a true experience, or was it just another exciting Air Force yarn? Do pilots, at times, actually not know whether they are upside down or right side up?—Norman Conn—Charlottesville, Virginia

Our F-86 story was basically true. If you were hanging upside down from a tree, it would be pretty easy to feel the direction of DOWN, but suppose the tree were picked up by a huge hand and swung through the air in all directions. You would lose the feeling of the direction of down very quickly unless you could see the ground. That's the way it is in an airplane.—ed.

...What are the specks flying all over the picture when a plane is hit in one of Al Toth's stories?—Hugh Wilhite—Calhoun, Kentucky

Pieces of wreckage, empty shells, etc.—ed.

...You had a story called "H-5." It was about a pilot who was shot down...and when the helicopter came to pick him up, the pilot was talking to the 'copter pilot, so my question is do they have radios in their flying hats?—Dick Johnson—Pacific Palisades, California

The pilot had a Hoffman "trans-ceiver"! This is a radio (almost as small as Dick Tracy's 2 way wrist-radio) that all pilots are carrying into combat in Korea.—ed.

...In "H-5," you have a jet that has been hit and he tumbles out of the plane without being ejected. You noted, "This jet was not equipped with the ejection seat device." A man cannot get out of a jet without that device. The tail would come too fast at this great speed. —James Conner—Houston, Texas

Contrary to popular notion, jets *can* slow down to the speed of propeller driven fighter planes enabling pilots to bail out without the ejection seat.—ed.

...You said in "H-5" that it went only 60 M.P.H. But it can do 85 M.P.H.! Top speed is 103 M.P.H. Why would they be doing 60 M.P.H. when they can do 103 M.P.H.?—Alan Strong—Hamtramck, Michigan

It is true that a helicopter's *TOP* speed is faster than 60 M.P.H.! However, a *helicopter* moving at top speed is comparable to a *car* moving at top speed... in both cases, it is impractical.—ed.

...On the last page of "H-5," the Lieutenant handed his pistol to the Captain. The way he handed the pistol, he wore it on his left side. He was wearing his pistol on his right side.—Tex Goeb—Norfolk, Virginia

Artist Wood did switch a right-handed .45 into a left-handed .45. We bow to reader Goeb's eagle-eyed criticism.—ed.

...Never before in my opinion has any magazine performed such a public service as you did in "Frontline Combat No. 12." I work at the U.S.A.F. Filter Center in Columbus, Ohio. You have no idea how hard it is to recruit volunteers.—Bob Sandusky—Columbus, Ohio

F. C. No. 12 seems to have had quite an effect on our readers. Our page asking for volunteers for the U. S. Air Force Ground Observer Corps was answered with a deluge of mail. At the last count the Air Force in Washington reported 8,000 letters from our readers, with more letters still coming in.—ed.

A reminder: Our special civil war issues are still rolling out. Watch for issue No. 35 of TWO-FISTED TALES, with stories on Robert E. Lee, Jeb Stuart, Stonewall Jackson, and Admiral Farragut. At the conclusion of the series, E.C. plans to offer the whole collection of Civil War stories, from Ft. Sumter to Appomatox, in one large collector's edition. Meanwhile, the new TWO-FISTED ANNUAL...1953 edition...128 pages...16 war yarns originally published in 1952 ...is now on sale in some sections of the country. If you cannot obtain it locally, send us 25c, and we'll mail it out to you. The address for TWO-FISTED ANNUAL and/or sub orders, and/or your comments is:

The Editors
Frontline Combat
Room 706, Dept. 14
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y.C. 12, N. Y.

DEAR READER! THIS IS WHAT IS KNOWN AS AN *'IMMELMAN TURN'!* YOU ARE HIDING... UP IN THE SUN!

...UP IN THE SUN, STALKING A TWO-PLACE BIPLANE! YOU DIVE, TAKING THE TWO-SEATER BY SURPRISE!

YOU CONTINUE THE DIVE, DARTING PAST THE SPLAYED LEWIS MACHINE GUN ON THE FRONT OF THE TWO-SEATER!

YOU LEVEL OUT BENEATH THE SAFE BELLY OF THE BIPLANE WHERE THE MACHINE GUNS CANNOT GET AT YOU!

THEN YOU THROW YOUR MONOPLANE INTO A GRINDING LOOP, KEEPING HIDDEN BEHIND THE BIPLANE'S TAIL!

AT THE TOP HALF OF THE LOOP, YOU DO A QUICK HALF-ROLL AND ***PRESTO*** ...YOU ARE FLYING UPRIGHT!

NOW YOU ARE POISED... HIDING FROM THE REAR GUNNER WHO CANNOT SHOOT THROUGH HIS RUDDER!

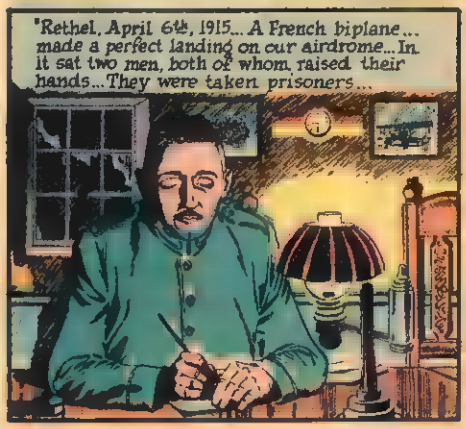
... YOUR MANEUVER IS FINISHED AND YOU GET TO IMPORTANT BUSINESS WITH YOUR CLATTERING PARABELLUM!

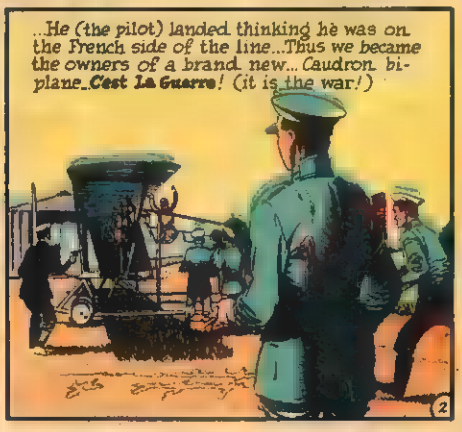
THIS IS THE EVASIVE ACTION THAT AIRMEN STILL PRACTICE TODAY! THIS IS AN *'IMMELMAN TURN'*...

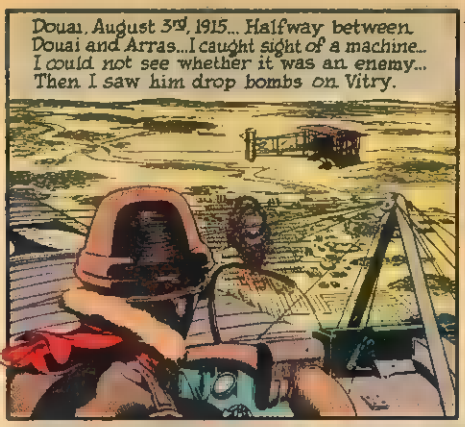
...AND THIS IS THE STORY OF THE YOUNG MAN AFTER WHOM THE 'IMMELMAN TURN' WAS NAMED!
...THE STORY OF THE FIRST GERMAN TO FLY AN ARMED SCOUT PLANE AND SHOOT DOWN ANOTHER PLANE!
...THE STORY OF 'THE EAGLE OF LILLE' AS TOLD IN HIS OWN LETTERS TO HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS!...THE STORY OF MAX...

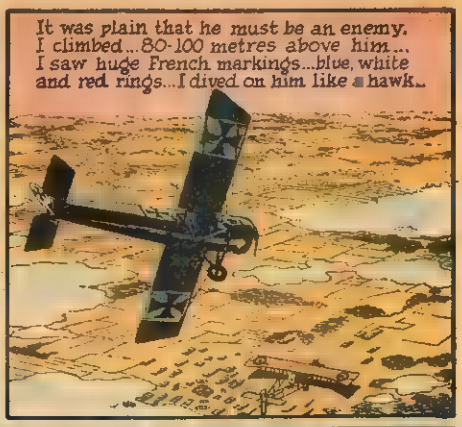
IMMELMAN!

GEORGE EVANS/'55



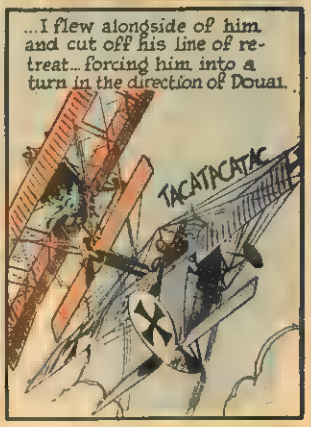



Douai, August 3rd, 1915... Halfway between Douai and Arras...I caught sight of a machine... I could not see whether it was an enemy... Then I saw him drop bombs on Vitry.

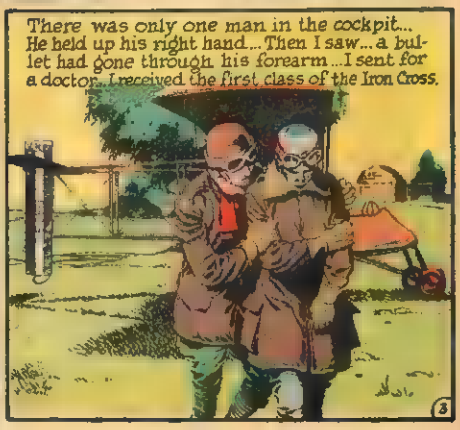

It was plain that he must be an enemy. I climbed...80-100 metres above him... I saw huge French markings...blue, white and red rings...I dived on him like a hawk...

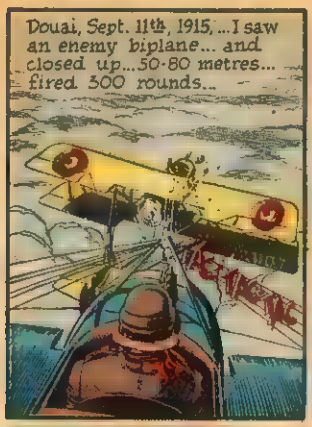
For a moment I thought I was going to fly right in to him. I had a gun stoppage when I fired about 60 shots...
A-A-A-A-A

I needed both hands to remove it, which meant that I had to go on flying without handling the controls.

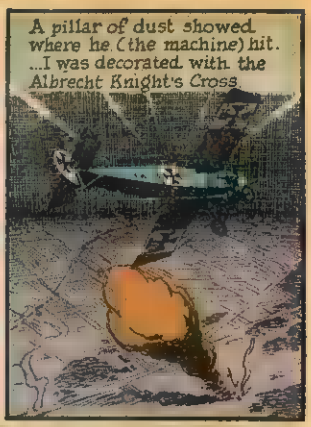

...I flew alongside of him and cut off his line of retreat... forcing him into a turn in the direction of Douai.
TACATACATAC

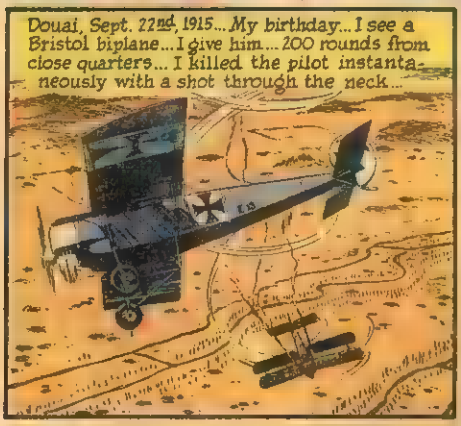
After firing 450-500 shots...I saw the enemy go down in a steep glide... When I saw him land, I went down beside him, climbed out and went up to him... I was unarmed.
E.13

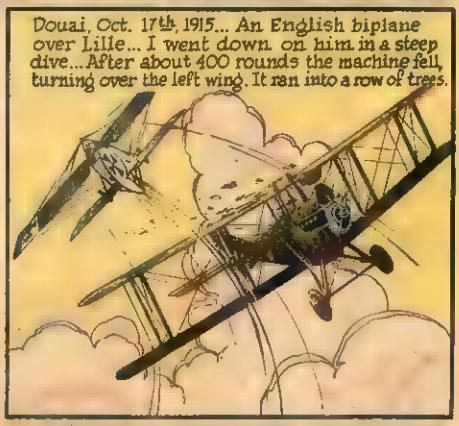

There was only one man in the cockpit... He held up his right hand... Then I saw... a bullet had gone through his forearm...I sent for a doctor. I received the first class of the Iron Cross.
3

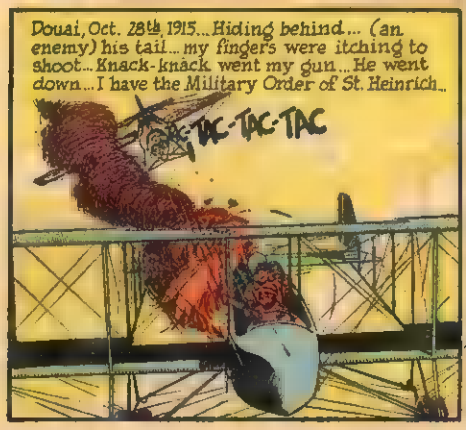

Douai, Sept. 11th, 1915, ...I saw an enemy biplane... and closed up...50-80 metres... fired 300 rounds...

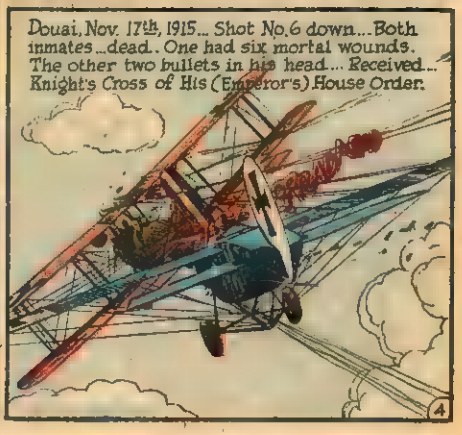
...I saw the enemy airman throw up both his arms. His crash helmet fell out and went down in wide circles...


A pillar of dust showed where he (the machine) hit. ...I was decorated with the Albrecht Knight's Cross.

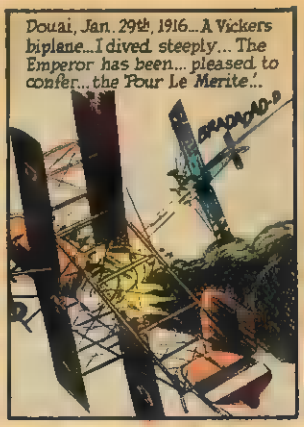

Douai, Sept. 22nd, 1915...My birthday...I see a Bristol biplane...I give him...200 rounds from close quarters...I killed the pilot instantaneously with a shot through the neck...

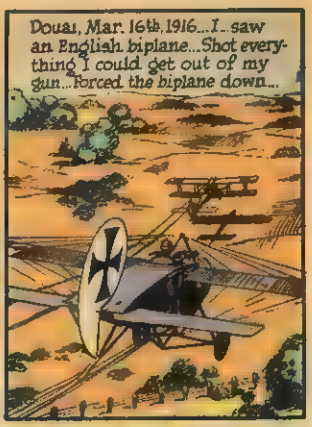

Douai, Oct. 17th, 1915... An English biplane over Lille... I went down on him in a steep dive... After about 400 rounds the machine fell, turning over the left wing. It ran into a row of trees.

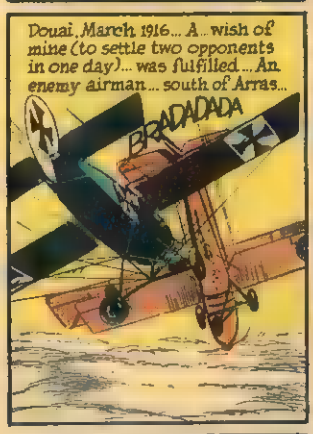

Douai, Oct. 28th, 1915...Hiding behind... (an enemy) his tail... my fingers were itching to shoot... Knack-knack went my gun... He went down... I have the Military Order of St. Heinrich...
TAC-TAC-TAC

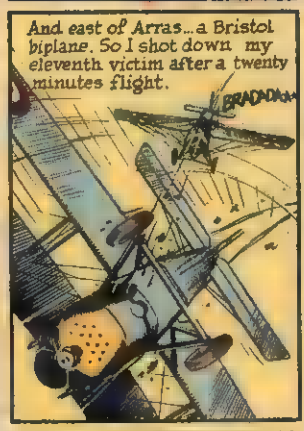

Douai, Nov. 17th, 1915... Shot No. 6 down... Both inmates...dead. One had six mortal wounds. The other two bullets in his head... Received... Knight's Cross of His (Emperor's) House Order.

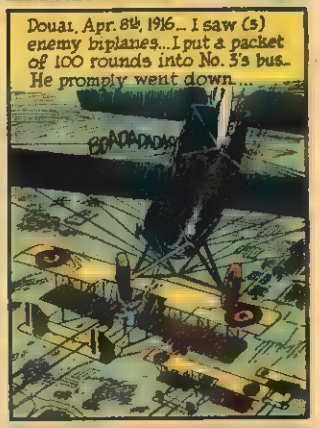
Douai, Dec. 20th, 1915... I received the Bavarian military merit order... I shot an enemy monoplane down near Raismes...


Douai, Jan. 29th, 1916... A Vickers biplane... I dived steeply... The Emperor has been... pleased to confer... the 'Pour Le Merite'..
BRADADAD-D


Douai, Mar. 16th, 1916... I saw an English biplane... Shot everything I could get out of my gun... Forced the biplane down...

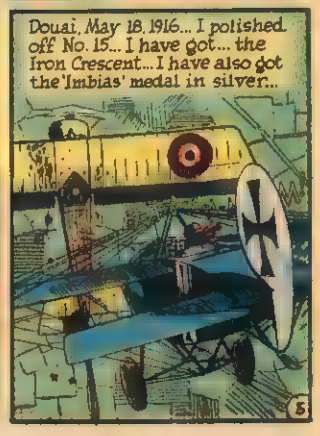

Douai, March 1916... A wish of mine (to settle two opponents in one day)... was fulfilled... An enemy airman... south of Arras...
BRADADADA


And east of Arras... a Bristol biplane. So I shot down my eleventh victim after a twenty minutes flight.
BRADADA


Douai, Apr. 8th, 1916... I saw (5) enemy biplanes... I put a packet of 100 rounds into No. 3's bus. He promply went down...
BRADADADA

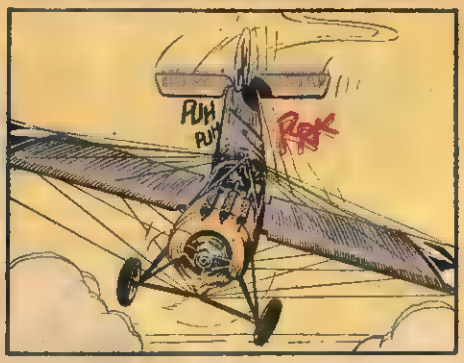
..The next day... I attacked... I saw the machine... go down hard and smash up... I received... the cross of the Order of St. Heinrich...

Douai, Apr. 24th, 1916... Sighted an English biplane... Fired about 120 rounds... I was delighted at getting No. 14.


Douai, May 18, 1916... I polished off No. 15... I have got... the Iron Crescent... I have also got the 'Imbias' medal in silver...

THE END OF THE IMMELMAN STORY, DEAR READER, IS NOT WRITTEN IN HIS LETTERS, AND YOU SHALL SEE WHY! JUNE 18TH, 1916! IT IS A SUMMER EVENING!

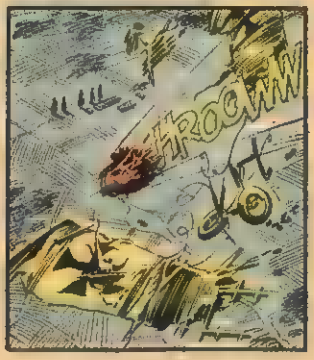
THE SKY IS FILLED WITH THE CHATTER OF GUNS, IMMELMAN'S NOTWITHSTANDING! SUDDENLY HIS FOKKER REARS UP.. THEN FLIES AHEAD WITH STRANGE LASHINGS OF THE TAIL!



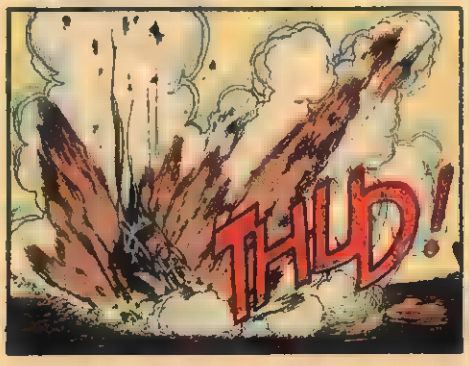
...SOON, THE LONGERONS BREAK LIKE PISTOL SHOTS...THE TAIL DANGLES...THEN WRENCHES ITSELF FREE!

...NOW THE WINGS COLLAPSE LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS AND TEAR FLUTTERING AWAY FROM THE COCKPIT!

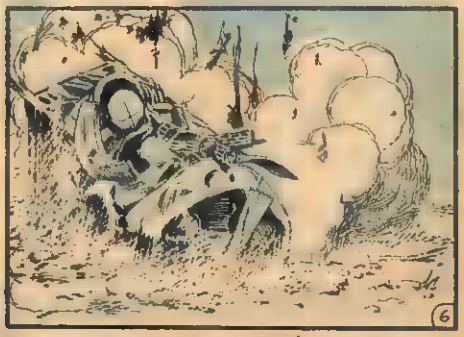
...THE FOREPART OF THE MACHINE, DEPRIVED OF CONTROL SURFACES, WITH PILOT AND MOTOR, DROPS LIKE A STONE..



...2000 METERS TO THE GROUND! ...AND WHEN THEY COME TO INSPECT THE WRECKAGE, THEY FIND THAT HIS MACHINE GUNS HAVE NOT WORKED PROPERLY!



THEY FIND THAT MAX IMMELMAN HAS SHOT AWAY HIS ***OWN*** PROPELLOR! MAX IMMELMAN HAS DIED BY HIS ***OWN*** HAND! ...THE FRENCH HAVE A PHRASE FOR IT...



...C'EST LA GUERRE!

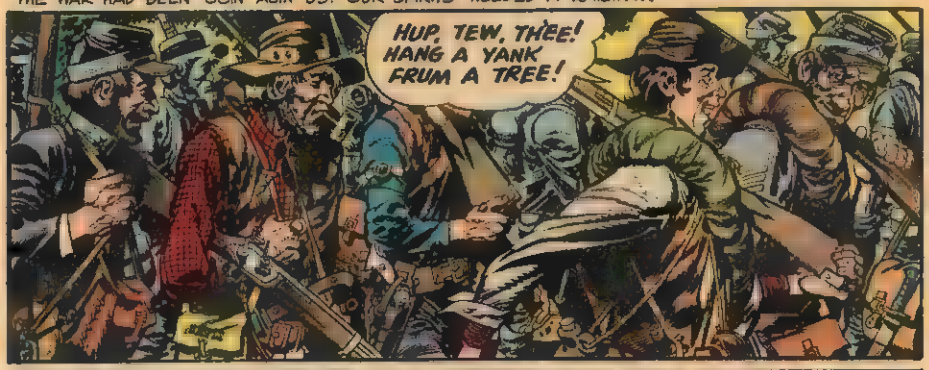
HE WUZ A YOUNG BUCK... NOT QUITE A FULL MAN... MIGHTY PROUD AND COCKY... BUT LIKE ALL YEARLIN'S, HE HAD A LOT TO LEARN! YA MIGHT SAY HE WUZ A PERFECT REPRESENT' OF TH' SOUTH IN THIS WAR BETWEEN THE STATES... NOT TO BE...

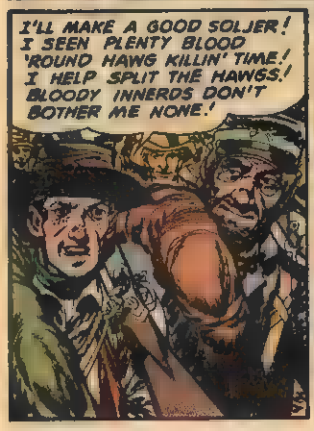
WHUPPED!

HE CAME SCAMPERIN' FRUM OUT TH' JACK PINE THICKET LIKE A HOUN' EAGER FER A BIRD HUNT! HIS VOICE EVEN BARKED, LOUD AND CLEAR!

I DIDN'T KNOW WHUT QUITE TO DO! I FELT I SHOULD'VE SHOOED HIM HOME... BUT I KNEW DEEP DOWN HE WAS NEEDED VERY BADLY!

WE WERE A MOTLY LOOKIN' BUNCH OF MEN RANGIN' IN ALL AGES, CARRYIN' EVERY KIND OF WEAPON YA COULD THINK OF! WE WERE CALLED 'THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI' BY GENERAL BEAUREGARD! THE WAR HAD BEEN GOIN' AGIN' US! OUR SPIRITS NEEDED A RAISIN'...





IF THIS BOY HAD ONLY SEEN AN' DONE WHUT I'D BEEN THROUGH... HE'D SING A DIFF'RENT TUNE!... BUT WITH HIS LOLLYGAGIN' HE DID MAKE OTHERS SING!

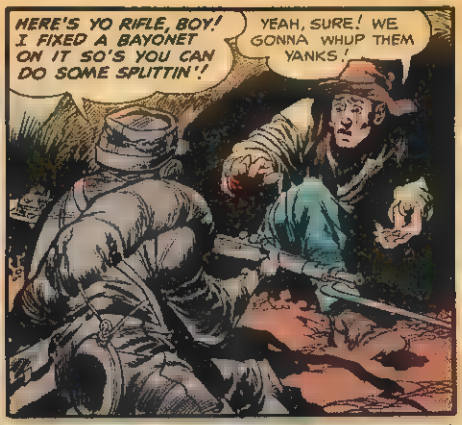
CONFIDENCE CREPT BACK ■ US! WE WERE LEAVING CORINTH *PLUS* ONE MORE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER TO FACE THE BLUE BELLIES!

THE SKY GREW DARK, GIVIN' WARNIN' IT WAS GONNA LET DOWN WITH SOME APRIL SHOWERS! THE BOY DIDN'T SEEM TO MIND... HE WUZ A SOLDIER!

THE REST OF THE MEN FELT THE SAME! THEY EVEN STOPPED TO LAUGH AND JOKE AT SOME WHO SLIPPED AND SLOSHED IN TH' CHURNED MUD!

THAT NIGHT THE THUNDERIN' SHOWERS HAD PLAYED HARD ON THE MEN! THEIR LAUGHIN' HAD TURNED TO CUSSIN'... THEIR MUSKETS HAD GROWN HEAVY... HAVERSACK STRAPS HAD CUT THEIR SHOULDERS! THEY FELL EXHAUSTED! EVERYBODY KNEW THEY'D HAFTA COLLECT ***ALL THEIR*** STRENGTH FER TOMORROW!

COME MORNIN', I NUDGED THE YOUNG BOY! HE JUMPED LIKE HE'D BEEN SHOT! I GUESS I WOKE HIM FROM A BAD DREAM... HE SHOOK ALL OVER!


HERE'S YO RIFLE, BOY! I FIXED A BAYONET ON IT SO'S YOU CAN DO SOME SPLITTIN'!
YEAH, SURE! WE GONNA WHUP THEM YANKS!

MUST'VE BEEN SOME FIGHTIN' HERE YESTERDAY... PAY NO 'TENTION!

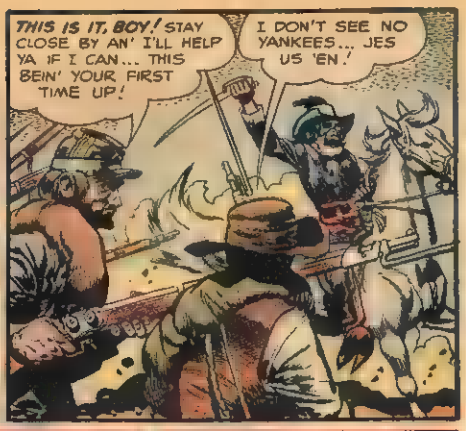
HELP ME, BOY... HELP ME.

THEY KILLED ME! TELL MY MA, WILL YA?

LET HIM BE, BOY... YOU CAN'T HELP HIM, AN IT'S BAD LUCK TO MIX WIF TH' WOUNDED! WE GOT WORK AHEAD!

YEAH, SURE! WE GONNA WHUP THEM YANKS!

WHEN WE CLEARED TH' FOREST AN' STOOD AT TH' EDGE OF A GREAT WIDE FIELD, WE COULD SEE OUR STRENGTH LINED UP AS IF FOR A BIG PARADE!


THIS IS IT, BOY! STAY CLOSE BY AN' I'LL HELP YA IF I CAN... THIS BEIN' YOUR FIRST TIME UP!
I DON'T SEE NO YANKEES... JES US 'EN!

THERE GOES TH' BUGLE! LET'S GO!
EEEEEEEEEHHAA!

KEEP LOOKIN' STRAIGHT AHEAD, BOY!

MAKE LIKE YA TRACKIN' POSSUM... TROT, BOY, TROT!

WE TRACKED RIGHT SMACK HEAD ON INTO 'EM... CONFUSION FLEW EVER'WHICH WAY... SEEMED LIKE EVERYBODY'D LOST THEIR MIND... I KEPT AN EYE ON TH' BOY... HIS PROUDNESS AND COCKINESS HAD LEFT HIM... IT WUZN'T LIKE **CRITTER KILLIN'** BACK HOME... ***THIS WAS HUMAN KILLIN' HUMAN!***

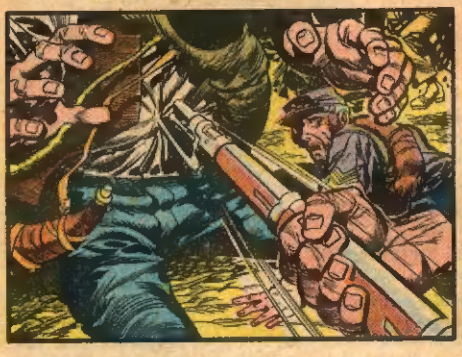
I GOT HIT IN TH'SHOULDER... FELT LIKE SOMEBODY HIT ME WITH A WOOD AX... PAIN TWISTED MY FACE ALL UP UGLY-LIKE... TH' BOY SAW IT... HE WAS SCARED!

HE BEGIN TO FIGHT... NOT FER BLOOD BUT FER TO KEEP ALIVE! THERE WERE MORE BLUE COATS THAN WE'D FIGURED... THEY KEPT POURIN' IN!

TH' BOY CAUGHT A YANK FLUSH IN THE ADAM'S APPLE... HE'D NEVER BREATH AGIN! DEATH WAS PILIN' UP ALL 'ROUND... AN' HE FELT A NEW RESPECT FOR IT!

IT WASN'T LIKE SPLITTIN' HAWGS, SHOOTIN' SQUIRREL OR DOVE, AND TRACKIN' POSSUM... THIS WAS ***PURE... UGLY... STINKIN'... WAR!***

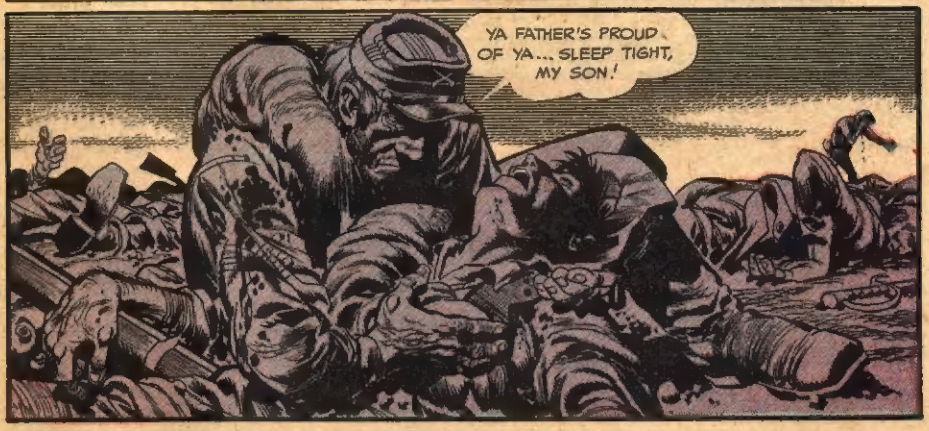
THE YOUNG BUCK HELD HIS ON UNTIL ALL TH' STRENGTH HE HAD 'SCAPED HIS BODY... AN SUMPTHIN' ELSE CAME IN... A SPLITTIN' BAYONET IN HIS TUMMY!



I SEEN HIS FACE AS HE WENT DOWN... HE LOOKED LIKE A LITTLE BOY THAT HAD BEEN WHUPPED FOR SUMPTHIN' HE KNEW NOTHIN' ABOUT!

I HAD TO CRAWL TO HIM AN' TELL HIM HOW I FELT! WE HAD BEEN BEATEN... BUT THROUGH IT ALL HE'D BECOME A MAN... AN' SO'D TH' SOUTH!

FROM ALL THIS BLOOD SPILT, A GREAT NATION'S GONNA GROW! TH' NORTH WILL RESPECT US AN' WE THEM! IN TH' LONG RUN **NOBODY** WAS WHUPPED!

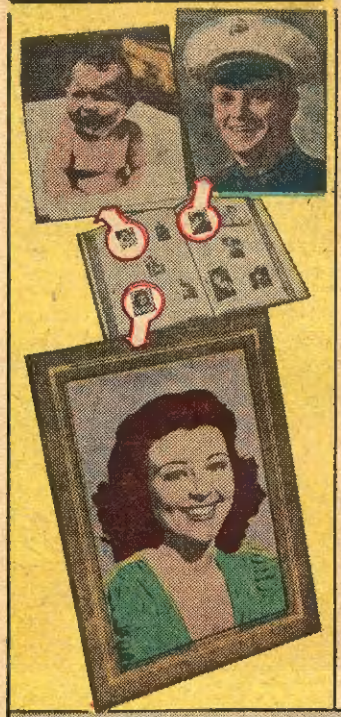


SILK FINISH ENLARGEMENTS

5X7 SIZE **29¢** each

8X10 SIZE **59¢** each

GOLD TOOLED FRAMES



YOUR FAVORITE SNAPSHOTS, PHOTOS OR NEGATIVES MADE INTO TREASURES YOU WILL KEEP AND CHERISH FOREVER

The most treasured possession you can own is a beautiful life-like enlargement of your favorite picture or snapshot. Its beauty and sentimental value will be cherished by you and your loved ones down through the years. Obtained in the usual way such pictures are often very costly. But, if you act NOW, you can get a beautiful silk finish black and white enlargement made of the finest double weight portrait paper and mounted in a rich gold-tooled frame with glassine front and standing easel back—for the money-saving low price of only 29¢ for each 5"x 7" size enlargement and frame or only 59¢ for the 8"x 10" size. *Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing* for complete information on having your enlargements beautifully hand colored in oil. If you have always wanted to have your favorite picture or snapshot enlarged like the pictures of Movie Stars you have always admired, here is your opportunity to make this wish come true. Hundreds of thousands of people have already benefited from this generous bargain offer.

However, because of the low price, we must set a limit of 3 to a customer. So hurry—send one or two and no more than three of your best photographs (either picture or negative) with the coupon below today.

SEND NO MONEY! — Simply pay postman for each enlargement and frame plus cost of mailing. Satisfaction Guaranteed. — Originals returned with enlargements. This offer good in U.S.A. only.

Old and Torn PICTURES Restored and Retouched to Look LIKE NEW!

Take advantage of our offer today! *Your order will be shipped direct from our Hollywood studios*

USE THIS COUPON YOURSELF

SEND NO MONEY!—Mail Coupon Today!

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. C-153
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Cal.

Enclosed find _____ Snapshots or Negatives (specify number, limit 3)

Please make _____ ☐ 5x7 ☐ 8x10 Enlargements and Frames (specify number, limit 3)

CHECK COLOR OF FRAMES

☐ Ivory and Gold ☐ Brown and Gold

I will pay postman for each enlargement and frame plus mailing costs on your 10 day money-back offer.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ (____) STATE _____
Zone

Fill out description below. Mark back of pictures 1, 2 and 3.

Color Picture No. 1
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____

Color Picture No. 2
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____

Color Picture No. 3
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____

GIVE THIS COUPON TO A FRIEND

SEND NO MONEY!—Mail Coupon Today!

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. C-154
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Cal.

Enclosed find _____ Snapshots or Negatives (specify number, limit 3)

Please make _____ ☐ 5x7 ☐ 8x10 Enlargements and Frames (specify number, limit 3)

CHECK COLOR OF FRAMES

☐ Ivory and Gold ☐ Brown and Gold

I will pay postman for each enlargement and frame plus mailing costs on your 10 day money-back offer.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ (____) STATE _____
Zone

Fill out description below. Mark back of pictures 1, 2 and 3.

Color Picture No. 1
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____

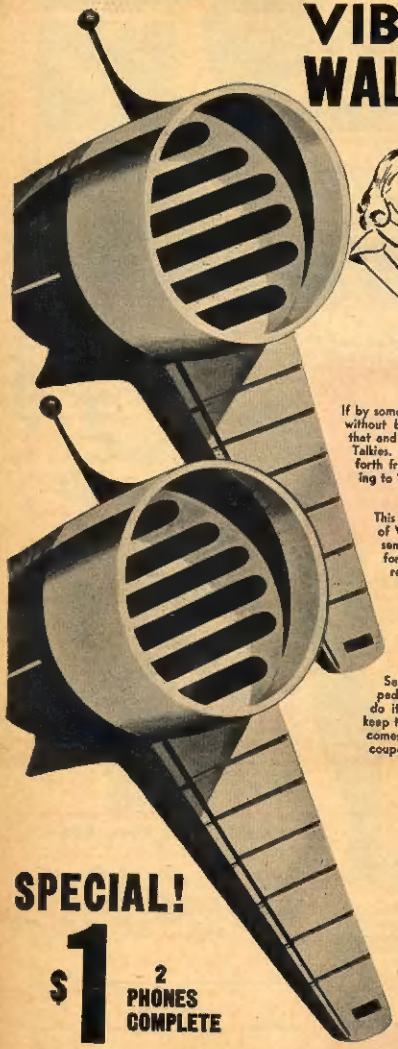
Color Picture No. 2
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____

Color Picture No. 3
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____

NEW! 1953 "Space Commander"

VIBRO-MATIC WALKIE-TALKIES

2 PHONES ONLY $1



2 WAY
SENDS! RECEIVES!
VOICE - SONGS - MUSIC

Thrills & Fun Galore!

If by some magical means you could talk with your neighbor and friends—without electric wires, without batteries or electric current, wouldn't you pay $100 or more? Well you can do just that and the entire cost to you is only ONE DOLLAR for TWO "Space Commander" Walkie-Talkies. Not just a toy—but an amazing communication system. NOW you can talk back and forth from house to garden, between rooms, between your house and your friends'. How thrilling to "speak thru space"!

Works like Magic . . . Guaranteed!

This latest, newest 1953 model is a well made product of the world's largest manufacturer of Walkie-Talkies. Uses highly sensitive Vibromatic design. Each phone is self-contained and sends as well as receives messages, songs, music, etc. which travel over the conductor line for hundreds of feet, clear and distinct. Requires no license. Will not interfere with radio reception. Works equally well indoors or out.

Endless Fun . . . Educational!

This new 2-WAY WalkieTalkie System provides endless fun for the entire family, for boys and girls and adults too! Inspirational. Helps overcome shyness, aids voice training. Real "Space Planet" design in handsome colors. Hard to break. They're rugged!

5 Day Trial — Money Back Guarantee.

Send only one dollar, cash, check or money order and your Walkie-Talkies will be shipped on 5 day home trial—instantly! Easy to use directions—even a 5-year-old child can do it! Enjoy them with your family and friends for 5 whole days free of any obligation to keep them . . . entirely at our risk! If you're not thrilled and satisfied in every way your dollar comes right back! Supply limited! Rush order now! Don't lose this big bargain! Mail coupon TODAY!

CONSUMERS MART, Dept. 38-F-28
131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

SPECIAL!

$1 2 PHONES COMPLETE

Rush this MONEY-SAVING COUPON

CONSUMERS MART, Dept. 38-F-28
131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

RUSH a complete set of SPACE COMMANDER WALKIE-TALKIES on 5 DAY TRIAL, post-paid. I enclose only $1.00 for the complete set of 2 phones and directions. If I am not thrilled and satisfied in every way, you are to send back my dollar with no questions asked.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN.....STATE.....

☐ CHECK here if you wish order sent C.O.D. You pay $1.00 AND 38 cents postage on delivery.

THEY MAILED THIS COUPON

...and look what I did for them!

"My arms increased 1½", chest 2½", forearm ¾" "—C.S., W.Va

"Gained 2" in neck; 1⅛" in biceps. Never felt better in my life." —J.S., Calif

T.M., Atlas Cup Winner. "I'm proud of the way you made me an Atlas Champion"

A.H., Kans.—Atlas Cup Winner.

"I surprise my friends by outlifting them." D.P., Ind

"When I started your course I weighed only 141. Now weigh 170." —T.K., New York.

"Here's my photo showing just how I look today. I owe it all to you." —W.D., New York.

"Have put 3½" on chest (normal), 2½" expanded." —F.S., N.Y.

CHARLES ATLAS,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.
Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to a better build. I understand this book is mine for it does not obligate me in any way.
Name Hunter Age 18
(Please print or write plainly)
Address Cedar Street
City Falls Zone No. — (if any) State N.Y.
(IF YOU USE COUPON BELOW)

You MAIL THE COUPON BELOW AND I'll Prove I Can Make YOU a New Man!

My Secret Method Has Done Wonders For Thousands—Here's What I'll PROVE It Can Do For YOU—In Just 15 Minutes A Day!

JUST MAIL the coupon below. Read my free book. And then give me 15 minutes a day. That's all I ask. I'll prove you can have the kind of body that your friends will admire. *There's no cost if I fail!*

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can flex your arm I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—in double-quick time! I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back; add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours powerful; shoot new strength into your backbone, exercise those inner organs, cram your body full of vigor and red-blooded vitality!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that changed me from a 97-lb. weakling to the world's champion! Thousands are becoming marvelous physical specimens — my way. No gadgets or contraptions. You simply use the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body — watch it increase double-quick into solid MUSCLE.

ARE YOU Skinny, weak, run down? Always tired? Nervous? Constipated? Fat and flabby? Want to lose or gain weight? WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

"Dynamic Tension" is easy! Only 15 minutes a day in your own home. You can use *"Dynamic Tension"* almost unconsciously every minute — walking, bending over, etc. — to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY. *You'll* be using the method which many great athletes use — fighters, wrestlers, baseball, football players, etc.

FREE

Illustrated 32-Page Book Not $1 or 10c — but FREE

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) 32 pages, packed with actual photographs, valuable advice. Shows what *"Dynamic Tension"* has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Rush coupon to me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 1646 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY
Over a foot high! Will be given to pupil who makes greatest physical improvement in next 3 months.

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in an international contest.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1646
115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age, check here for Booklet A.